SIRES AND SONS.

General Joffre's father was a cooper.

General B. F. Tracy of New York, former secretary of the navy, is now eighty-five years old.

Levi P. Morton, ex-vice president of the United States, ex-governor of New York and ex-minister to France, is ninety-one years of age.

Otto H. Tittmann, retiring superintendent of the coast and geodetic survey, a position which he has held since 1900, has served for forty-eight years in that branch of the government. He entered the survey at the age of seventeen.

Douglas Mawson, author and Antarctic explorer, has been awarded the founder's medal by the Royal Geographical society for his conduct of the Australian Antarctic expedition of 1911-14, which achieved highly important results in several departments of science.

Dr. Armin Otto Leuschner, director of the students' observatory at the University of California, has just been awarded the highest honor which an astronomer may hope to gain—the Watson medal. The award was made by the National Academy of Sciences, and the medal, it may be said, has been conferred on only seven scientists.

Recent Inventions.

A coat hanger to which is attached a clothes brush has been patented by a Denver resident.

A solder has been invented which holds rimless lenses against the metal parts of eyeglasses without screws.

A tumbler with a compartment that can be filled with ice or hot water to keep its contents cold or warm has been invented.

Flies can enter a garbage can that a New York man has patented, but as they try to get out they are caught in a wire trap, which can be detached and the insects destroyed.

Current Comment.

It isn't a Mexican "crisis" now. They just call it any old thing and let it go at that.—Atlanta Constitution.

It took the revolution to remind the world that Portugal has been calling itself a republic.—Boston Herald.

Working for a safe and sane Fourth is worth while even this year, when gunshot and other wounds are so plentiful elsewhere.—Chicago News.

Only a year from now it will be time for the conventions to be held to nominate the next president. Why not begin to get excited?—Boston Globe.

Short Stories.

Luxemburg covers 1,000 square miles and has a population of 260,000.

The total circulation of money in the United States last year was $3,419,168,368.

Uruguay has suspended specie payments until the close of the European war.

The bayonets used at the battle of Waterloo were about a foot longer than the modern weapons.

On the island of Romblon, one of the Philippines, an immense body of limestone is attracting attention.

Fashion Frills.

Even the shoemakers are realizing that something is wrong with the prevailing types of last. There is hope!—Chicago News.

Fall skirts are to show the ankles, according to the fashion reports. Well, what are the spring and summer skirts doing?—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The old time fear of sun spots is rapidly disappearing. Some girls now wear them on their faces and call them blushes.—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

BRIGHT BRIEFS.

Keeping out of trouble is enough to keep every man busy.

Another big item in the war budget is that deadly gas bill.

An old man has as much use for advice as a young man hasn't.

You have to make some men talk, but most women are self starters.

The way of the transgressor is not only hard, but blamed slippery.

Before starting on the right track be sure you are headed the right way.

Most of the things postponed until tomorrow could have been done today.

Opportunity makes the man, but only when the man knows what to do with it.

Mankind is not half as proud of itself now as it was in the middle of last July.

At sixty man knows that he didn't know what he thought he knew at twenty.

An optimist is a person who smiles at knocks; a pessimist is a person who knocks at smiles.

The man who is irritable about home can exercise a lot of patience when holding the end of a fishing rod.

If some people would only talk to themselves occasionally they would understand why others at times look bored.

It is stated that the number of buggies sold last year exceeded all previous records, and not one of them was of the horseless variety.

SHORT AND SHARP.

Old age is the most effective reformer of all.

The man who has more money than brains needs it.

The Nobel peace prize might be given to Yuan Shih Kai.

A woman's theory of arbitration is to have her own way.

And China thought all along that she was too old to need a guardian.

A few months in school teaches some children how little their parents know.

Some persons always seem to be groping in the darkness that precedes dawn.

Lots of men are satisfied to follow the crowd, no matter which way it is going.

A man without ambition is like a pan of dough without any yeast to raise it.

Excesses in youth are drafts upon old age, payable about thirty years after date.

If it is true that the world owes every man a living it will never get out of debt.

Some men are never satisfied to taste the cup of joyfulness. They must splash it all over themselves.

A boom in the cork leg industry directs attention to the high cost of prosperity along certain lines.

We can't remember a year that has gone before when it was so easy to give up a trip to Europe as this year.

All the statistics showing how the average human life on earth has been lengthened by science are also among the things ruined by this war.

Pert Personals.

Jane Addams fights for suffrage, but in everything else she is for peace, bless her.—Philadelphia Press.

As Jess Willard is tired of being an actor already, this comes pretty near making it unanimous. — Washington Post.

Long silence on the part of Rabindranath Tagore leads to the dreadful suspicion that the war will be followed by a peace sonnet 78,453 stanzas long.—Exchange.

Correspondents report that Vincent Astor eats cornbeef hash. This shows the genuine democracy of our richest men. Young Astor could easily afford to eat fried diamonds.—Chicago News.

Flippant Flings.

Still, Venice can introduce submarine gondolas and make its social calls as usual.—Washington Post.

Boston is debating whether a woman is old at thirty. As a matter of fact, no woman is thirty until she is fifty.—Baltimore American.

Reports from many cities show that the jitneys have beaten the street car and are now after the sardine record for packing 'em in.—Buffalo Enquirer.

"It is a poor comet these days that has not at least two tails," says Professor Barnard. "Often they have five or six." Comets ought to moderate their passion for adornment.—Chicago News.

The Writers.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis, wife of the noted English scientist, is herself a lecturer and author of recognized ability.

Ruth Kedzie Wood, author of many travel books on Russia, Spain and Portugal, has been elected a fellow of the American Geographical society. The honor is an unusual one for the institution to bestow.

Constance D'Arcy Mackay entered Boston university in 1903 and the following year began journalistic work in New York. She is a contributor of plays, verse, articles and short stories to magazines and newspapers. But it is in the writing and producing of pageants that she finds her widest field.

Laundry Lines.

Wash and dry flannels as quickly as possible if you want them to be soft.

Tatting will look like new if when being laundered it is basted to a bath towel. Otherwise it is nearly always ruined.

Cornstarch is the best for starching cuffs and collars—wheat starch for delicate dresses, rice starch for fine French lingerie.

To set delicate colors in an embroidered handkerchief, soak ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water in which a dessertspoonful of turpentine has been stirred.

Town Topics.

Portland's rose crop this year will be the greatest on record. Nature never goes back on us out this way.—Portland Oregonian.

New York is to have a new courthouse that will cost "perhaps $25,000,000." That's a poor way to contract for a new courthouse.—Detroit Free Press.

St. Paul's new commission government is junketing around the country seeking to profit by the mistakes of other city administrations. It should not omit Pittsburgh.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Submarine Badge.

As a crown is the badge of kings, as three balls are the badge of pawnbrokers, so the badge of a submarine officer is a handful of cotton waste. When the half dozen officers of a modern submarine, clad in their black leather waterproof suits, come aboard a sailor stands on the tiny gangway to receive them, and to each he hands his waste rolled in a neat ball. The reason is that the steel doors and steel walls of a submarine sweat oil eternally. The steel seats sweat oil. The submarine officer before opening a door or before sitting down wipes the oil from the knob or from the seat with an unconscious gesture like that of pulling up the trousers to keep them from bagging. Jovial young submarine lieutenants say that even the dishes sweat oil on a submarine trip. They say that before filling their plates with meat they mechanically wipe the oil from them with their balls of oily waste.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Sharp Distinction.

A merited retort is not always a retort courteous. The rebuke that was administered to a party of intruding tourists by the old watchman who was set to guard the ruins of College hall at Wellesley not long after the great fire conveyed a keen but subtle reproach.

"Ye've got to keep out!" he ordered gruffly when he caught them trying to slip under the ropes that surrounded the crumbling walls.

The inquisitive visitors paused and eyed first the ruins and then their determined guardian.

"See here," a callow youth accosted him; "we're willing to risk it, and we'll take all the responsibility. What do you care if we lose our lives?"

"Ye've got to keep out. I ain't thinkin' of your lives; I'm thinkin' of me job."—Youth's Companion.

Nothing to Wear.

There are women who live to dress, and the more frequent and radical the changes are the better they like it. If their pocketbooks can stand it, no great harm is done. But the great majority of women can't afford to keep up with this pace. The result is that some stay at home because their clothes are not in the latest style, many are made unhappy, and others keep up with the procession, it matters not what may be the cost.

If a man can wear the same dress suit for eight or ten years and not look like a freak, why is it not possible to design an evening gown for women that will be in good style as long as it may be worn? It is absurd to hear a woman say, "I haven't a thing to wear," when she may have a half dozen gowns all in good condition.—Frances Frear in Leslie's.

Highland Mary.

Small as is the number of statues of women in Britain, there are two of one woman, concerning whom very little is actually known save that she was of humble origin and was associated with the life of Scotland's greatest poet. Passengers by the Clyde steamboats are familiar with the statue of Mary Campbell, whom Burns immortalized as Highland Mary, which overlooks the pier at Dunoon. There was a good deal of controversy about the memorial at the time of its erection, and the late Mr. Henley referred to it in his famous "Essay on Burns" as a "fantasy in bronze." Liverpool, with which Mary Campbell had no association whatsoever, has also chosen to commemorate her, and a marble statue stands in the palm house at Sefton park, encircled with choicest blooms all the year round.—London Mail.

Lost Votes.

A parliamentary candidate lost quite a number of votes by making a generous promise to his own wife. He promised his better half that if he were successful at the poll he would buy her a new sealskin coat and hat to match. His wife was so pleased with this kindly offer that she at once went and told all her lady friends about it. Every lady to whom this piece of news was imparted, of course, said to the candidate's wife at once, "Oh, how very nice, dear!" but equally, of course, immediately went off home to her husband and said: "Take care you don't vote for Mr. A., dear. Fancy that stuck up Mrs. A. in a new sealskin while my old one is so shabby!"—London Express.

Kipling Wouldn't Talk.

Invited in 1899 to speak at a public dinner in London in aid of an orphan asylum Rudyard Kipling wrote:

"I simply can't make a speech in public. It isn't in my power—not for all the orphans in the world. I have experimented on grownup people, and the result wasn't pretty. I'd sooner thrash an orphan or give it its bottle than speak to the orphans' well wishers after a heavy meal."

For Permanent Peace.

"I have told you over and over, Tommy, not to fight with that little Jimson boy."

"If you'd let me finish the job just one time, ma, I wouldn't have to fight with him any more."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Libelous Demonstration.

"Why do you insist on singing?"

"Because I love music."

"The way you sing sounds as if you hated it."—Washington Star.

Woman's Superiority.

With suitable special scenery a woman invalid may show to advantage, but a sick man always looks like the Old Harry.—Atchison Globe.

Philosophy should be in one's conduct, not conversation.

It Had a Farreaching Effect.

Two hundred and fifty years ago a peddler selling books gave a pamphlet to one who was supposed to be an ordinary young man, but he was Richard Baxter, and under the influence of that pamphlet he wrote "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." This fell into the hands of Philip Doddridge, and he wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion In the Soul." This book fell into the hands of Wilberforce, and he wrote "A Practical View of Christianity." This book came to Leigh Richmond, and under the power of it he was led to write "The Dairyman's Daughter." This in turn fell into the hands of Thomas Chalmers, the mightiest Scotch preacher of his day, and after he became a minister it was the means of his conversion and of his mighty spiritual transformation. A peddler on the one side and Thomas Chalmers on the other—what a marvelous story!—Christian Herald.

Shad and Cod.

Shad are distributed along the entire east coast of the United States and northward and eastward to the gulf of St. Lawrence. Shad abound in nearly every river of the Atlantic coast. Its migrations from the sea are in quite a regular succession of time from relation to latitude. It first appears in the St. Johns river, Florida, about Nov. 15; in Georgia and South Carolina rivers in January, in the Potomac in February. In the Delaware the maximum run is about May 1, in Maine rivers about a month later, etc.

Cod are widely distributed in the north Atlantic ocean. To the north they range far beyond the arctic circle and to the south as far as Cape Hatteras, although they are not common south of New Jersey. The cod in the Pacific ocean is found from Bering sea south to Oregon. The largest cod are found along the Massachusetts coast and from that north.—Philadelphia Press.

"Let Her Go, Gallagher!"

Judge Beaver of Morgan county, Ky., had a trotting mare of which he was very proud. The animal was always driven at the race meets by a man named Gallagher, who was at that time city marshal of Harrodsburg. On one occasion the judge entered his mare at a trotting meeting in Tipton county. Some sports there, knowing of the judge's pride in the animal, thought they would lower his colors for once, so they entered against her a noted fast trotter. At the end of the first mile the two trotters passed under the wire neck and neck at a 2:40 pace, and the judge grew wildly excited. "Let her go, Gallagher! Let her go!" he shouted. And Gallagher, hearing, loosened the lines. The mare pluckily responded and finished more than a dozen lengths ahead amid the wild cheering of the crowd.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Racing In Mongolia.

Horse racing is taken seriously in Mongolia, where it is carried on under the auspices of the Buddhist priests. The races are rarely less than ten miles long, and the chief event of the Mongolian racing year is a contest over thirty miles of rough steppe. When C. W. Campbell visited Mongolia he attended a race meeting, at which most of the competing horses were owned by lamas.

"The great races which take place yearly at Urga," he writes, "are held under the direct patronage of the lama pope of Mongolia, who becomes the owner of all the winners. A horse race with a bishop in the judges' box, a public chiefly clerical, no bookmakers or betting and nominal prizes is a phenomenon in its way."

Why He Failed.

"I understand Jinks has found it necessary to close up his electrical business. What was the matter?"

"Well, as nearly as I can make out, when he failed to spark properly, his banking connections became short circuited, and his customers failed to supply the necessary current. These misfortunes tore the insulation from his lines of credit and he became afraid he was no longer a live wire.

"The poor fellow had to shut up shop. As a matter of fact," said the narrator, dodging a blow, "he didn't know what else to do."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Over the Mark.

"Does he aim at realism in the stories he writes?"

"He may aim at it, but he doesn't hit within a million miles of it."

"How's that?"

"The hero of his last story is a 'spendthrift Scotchman.'" — Houston Post.

West Point Graduates.

It will doubtless surprise most Americans to learn that out of the small total of 4,121 graduates during the first century of the existence of the Military academy, from 1802 to 1902, 2,731 entered civil life at some period of their career.—National Magazine.

Salt Money.

Your salary is your "salt money." Soldiers once received salt as part of their pay. When the salt was commuted for cash the latter was called "salerium," salt money, or "salary."

Too Risky.

Officer—Did you get the number of the car? Victim—Yes; but never mind. It was my cook's machine. I don't want any trouble with her.—New York Globe.

Ruinous.

Madge—Gossip doesn't pay. Marjorie—I'm beginning to agree with you, my dear. The last secret I heard cost me over $2 for extra telephone tolls.—Judge.

Aeroplane Raids.

There is nothing that I know of more hideous than an aerial bombardment. It requires an entire mental readjustment. The sky, which has always symbolized peace, suddenly spells death. Bombardment by the big guns of an advancing army is not unexpected. There is time for flight, a chance, too, for a reprisal. But against these raiders of the sky there is nothing. One sits and waits, and no town is safe. One moment there is a peaceful village with war twenty, fifty miles away. The next minute hell breaks loose. Houses are destroyed, sleeping children die in their cradles, the streets echo and re-echo with the din of destruction. The reply of the anti-air craft guns is feeble, and at night futile. There is no bustle of escape. The streets are empty and dead, and in each house people, family groups, noncombatants, folk who ask only the right to work and love and live, sit and wait with blanched faces.—Mary Roberts Rinehart in Saturday Evening Post.

Insure Pigs In Sweden.

Though it is commonly known that there is scarcely anything in the world that cannot be insured, the layman would probably hesitate before he hastened to Lloyd's to insure his pigs. In Sweden, however, no difficulties stand in his way. In fact, there are several competing companies all anxious to insure the lives of pigs belonging to the small farmer. But as yet the industry has not developed as much as it might, since out of the 700 Swedish institutions which insure live stock there are only forty which insure pigs. These societies are most numerous in the thickly populated districts, where they insure pigs only. The pigs insured must be at first in good condition, and the agencies refuse to pay if the animals die in consequence of ill treatment or neglect.—Boston Transcript.

How to Treat a Fracture.

Be very careful with a single fracture to prevent it from becoming compound. The proper treatment is to pad and bandage the limb with splints and anything else which can be improvised, so as to hold it steadily in position until your injured man can be carried comfortably to the camp or nearest doctor. Don't get jolting him or handling him with anything but the greatest tenderness. If there are no chances of getting a doctor, cut all the clothing away from the injured limb, and when you have it bare get some one else to help you, if you can. Pull straight on the end of the injured limb farthest away from the body, and as gently and firmly as possible manipulate the broken bone into position. You will know when this is done by the shape of the limb.—Outing.

Business Advertising In 1748.

Judging from many advertisements in the early New York newspapers, the numbers of buildings were very little used. Business houses were usually designated by a characteristic sign or by the locality to other well known residents. An example of the latter is seen in the following from the New York Gazette of December, 1748. Smith's Fly was at the foot of Maiden Lane.

"Henry Hansen, who lately kept his store next Door to Mr. John Groesbeeck's, is now removed to Capt. Richard Langdon's, in Smith's Fly opposite to Col. De Peyster's, Treasurer, where he now keeps his Store. He has likewise imported in the last Ships from London, a fresh Assortment of European Goods."

Mother's Constancy.

There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother for a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness nor daunted by danger nor weakened by worthlessness nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity, and if misfortune overtakes him he will be the dearer to her through his misfortunes, and if disgrace settles upon his name she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace, and if all the rest of the world casts him off she will be all the world to him.—New York Weekly.

Hits and Misses.

A brilliant after dinner speaker said in one of his speeches at a banquet in New York:

"I have learned two things in my time—I have learned to run an automobile and I have learned to golf.

"While learning to run an automobile I hit everything, whereas while learning to golf I hit nothing."—Exchange.

Dodging a Task.

"I hate shopping. I got out of having to match some puffs for my wife today in rather a neat manner."

"How was that?"

"Reminded her that I had always insisted her beautiful tresses were matchless."—Kansas City Journal.

Hard Job.

Matrimonial Agent—Really, when I see those two whom I am going to introduce to each other I don't know to which I shall break it gently.—Fliegende Blatter.

Not the Same.

She—You said when we were married we'd live like two turtle doves. He—Yes, but you want to live like a millionaire's wife.—Chicago News.

Cuts Them.

Wiggs—How mighty exclusive Upish is getting of late. Biggs—Exclusive! Why, he refuses even to meet his bills.—Exchange.

The Glad Hand.

We are not isolated units in this universe of ours. We are all of us members of a great world community. All of us are so constituted that our welfare and our happiness depend on the maintenance of good will with others.

To a great extent, however, we always have it in our power to determine just what the attitude of others toward us shall be.

We have this power by virtue of the fact that the human mind tends to be swayed in its critical judgments by the character of the emotional moods experienced. People usually think exactly as they feel.

Hence the value of the glad hand.

The cordial greeting, the cheery smile, the display of genuine interest—all these help to create pleasurable moods in other persons, and consequently prepossess them in our favor.

Whereas the cold, indifferent approach, the flabby handshake and the languid air arouse feelings of antagonism, if not of suspicion and aversion.—H. Addington Bruce in Kansas City Star.

Perfect Pitch.

A fairly large number of people are gifted with a good ear for music, and their friends think it quite wonderful that they are able to play or whistle tunes which they have heard only once.

But this gift, however remarkable it may seem, is by no means extraordinary or exceptional, especially when compared with the possession of what is called an "ear of absolute pitch." This means that the person possessing it is able to stand away from the piano and tell you what note you are playing or in what key. One well known lady pianist is able to read over the score of a piece of music in the train or omnibus, leave the book behind her and yet play the whole piece through by memory when she reaches home.

Perfect pitch is a gift to some people, but it can be acquired. Indeed, many authorities say that to be a really great musician this power must be possessed.—London Answers.

Signatures and Signs.

Walter Crane's signature—a crane impaled on a W—reminds us that other English artists have adopted queer "beasties" to form their signature. There was Richard Doyle, for instance, who among his friends and in his signature pretended only to be "Dicky," for you will find in the corner of many of his Punch drawings a "D" with a very perky looking bird standing thereon. But Whistler's was the most famous, though somewhat incongruous. His sign manual often took the shape of a butterfly, though a wasp would have expressed him better, for he was not only an artist, but the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." And there are many who cherish envelopes from Professor Blackie with the Greek scrawl meaning "Tell the truth in love."—London Spectator.

A Land Without Flies.

It should be refreshing and a bit encouraging to the fatigued, hopeless fly fighters to know that there is in the world a country in which there are no flies. The place is the British West Indies. This interesting fact—that there are no flies in British West Indies—starts up a number of questions and curious conjectures. Why is it that they have no flies? Is it that they have lost the seed, or is it that they have some active parasite or animal that feeds on flies, like the South American ant eater, for instance? Certainly it is not that they have no filth. They have heat and moisture, and, if rumor has it true, they have all the filth that is necessary. That these three conditions can exist without any flies is what we do not understand.—North Carolina Health Board Report.

Parliamentary Frontiers.

On either side of the commons chamber of Great Britain's parliament house there is a distinct line along the floor, and any member who when speaking steps outside the line on his side is liable to be called to order. These lines are supposed to be scientific frontiers, and the neutral zone between is beyond the length of a sword thrust, and, although members no longer wear swords, except those who are selected to move and second addresses to the throne on certain occasions, the old precaution still lingers on.—Westminster Gazette.

Still In Doubt.

"Why don't you marry, old chap?"

"Do you think a man could procure all the necessaries of life on $1,800 a year?"

"Of course, but not the luxuries."

"Well, I haven't decided yet whether a wife is a necessity or a luxury."—Boston Transcript.

Pigeon English.

The expression "pigeon English" arose from the Chinese attempt to pronounce the word "business," which through various forms became "pidgin" and then "pigeon." "Pigeon English" is a strange jargon of many languages, but "business" is carried on by it.

Described.

"What kind of a guy is Jiggs?"

"Oh, he's the type that says, 'Lend me a couple of dollars for a couple of hours,' and then he loses his watch."—Buffalo Express.

He Blundered.

Mr. Dubb—I've saved that rose you gave me last month, Miss Anteek, for though it is withered it still reminds me of you. Miss Anteek—Sir!—Boston Transcript.

The man who sells need have but one eye, but he who buys two.—Florida Times-Union.